
Title: Roland Deschain

Author: Morigan

The Deschains have been a great, evil line of Necromancers for as long as history remembers. We have plagued Sosaria throughout the ages, typically just seeking personal gain and general chaos. One notable exception, besides myself: My grandfather, Marten Deschain. Reading ancient tomes, Marten found that there seemed to be a natural force, which consumed all when they were no more (Oblivion). He also learned that those who followed this force would be granted life beyond death, indeed, along with great powers. This was evidenced by those many undead who walked the lands. Marten worked to find this force, and he founded a sect of Necromancers with terrible power. They worked to conjure Oblivion, but were destroyed by Marten's own son, my father Randall. Randall followed the Light, the first Deschain in history to do so.

Of course, my families Dark history and my Necromancer grandfather were all kept a secret from me by my father when I was born. Randall was determined to cleanse the Deschain name of any and all evil associated with it. However even upon my birth, my inherent Darkness was evident. I even killed a few playmates with my powers, it was impulse alone that had me do it. Randall was horrified and kept it a secret as best as he could, for he was an officer in Lord Britishs army, and were this to come out he would be stripped of his title.

One day when I was fifteen, I decided to leave home. I did not understand my powers, and was terrified by them. I trekked an entire day before happening upon a cave, which I decided to sleep inside of. While sleeping, my grandfathers spirit appeared. He told me our family history, and all the things I had just spoke of earlier. He told me that the Deschains must always use their powers to find the one woman who may carry on their legacy of Darkness. However, Marten had relations with a woman that he did not

plan to marry,
and unfortunately,
she bore him this
bastard child, Randall.
Randall turned
out to not have the
Darkness in him, to
turn to the Light.
Purely by chance,
I was born with all the
Darkness inside.
Marten told me I was
the last hope
for the Deschain line
to maintain their
purity of evil. He said
he would
give me further
instructions, but first
to prove my Darkness,
I must do
something for himI
must kill my father.

I returned to my home
in Trinsic to kill him.
My only thoughts
were anger
towards this man,
who had lied to me all
this time, telling me
what a noble
family we were and
what an abomination I
was for having these
powers. I
lifted him by his
neck, and slowly,
painfully sapped the
life out of him.
I then blasted his life
force at my mother,
killing her too. I
returned
to the cave.
Grandfather appeared
again. He said that
many times in my life
I would waver in my
decision to go with
Darkness, such was
the insecurity
of youth. He left me
with parting words,
that someday
somehow I would meet
a man who was part of
a group of

Necromancers, and
other such Dark
beings.

He said this man
would present me a
choice: Go with your
inherent Darkness,
or struggle to stay in
the Light. Then
Grandfathers spirit
disappeared.

His premonition was
true. I went between
Dark and Light. The
small part
of my father inside
me was the cause of
this. I eventually
joined a group
of Light Followers,
the Lost Order of
Akalabeth. They
turned me towards
the Light, and pulled
me. However, during
this time, in a tavern
within
the Orders town, I met
a strange, sinister
looking man his name
was Vyctr.

He pulled me towards
the Darkness, telling
me of his groups
philosophies
and causes.

Eventually, the tug of
war drove me
temporarily insane,
and

I thought I was in the
Light. However, after
I broke from the
insanity,
in the clearing of the
Orders village and in
sight of some of their
most

respected followers, I
denounced the Light,
denounced their
Order, and pledged
my allegiance to evil
and Oblivion.

After that, I joined
the Necromancer sect
of the order, to
further follow

my Grandfather's
lead. Over time,
however, Vykr
convinced me to
become
a vampire. He sired
me, and I became his
childe. Also his child,
Tara, whom
I had bonded with
while in the Order.
We soon became the
best of companions,
however I must
confess I hid a love
for her, which still
remains to this
very day.
It looked as though I
was set to become
Vykr's successor, but
fate intervened. I was
slain by a paladin's
silver kryss, and my
spirit
shattered, I wandered
into purgatory. For
years, I watched the
various worlds,
including Sosaria,
which populated the
galaxy. Eventually,
my need for my
true Father, Vykr,
and my love Tara,
drew me to focus all
my power to return
to the mortal plane.
After months of
drawing power, I
returned, but I had
become weak again. I
then realized all that
had changed in the
world, the
many things that I did
not see watching it
from the blurred
vision of purgatory.
Now, I live to become
powerful again, and
take my rightful place
as Vykr's
successor...a leader
for all the Kindred of
the world.

